

TOW LINE



PUBLISHED BY MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

AUGUST, 1950

"Rio de la Plata" Arrives . . .
Pages 6-7



ON THE COVER—

"A lovely debutante of the 1948 season at the court of His Atlantic Majesty," a Swedish American Line brochure puts it—M/S Stockholm, another docking privilege and responsibility of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.

This aerial view of the Swedish-built liner with one of our Grace Moran-class harbor tugs alongside accents her sleek modern appearance, including raked stem and what marine architects call a "soft nose and long after-body with cruiser stern." Her single mast also is a departure from the traditional. These and other features set the vessel apart from most ships sailing into and out of New York harbor.

While the Stockholm is small compared with vessels built in other countries—a fact accentuated by her trim, yachtlike exterior—she embodies the best in modern construction techniques for the comfort and safety of passengers and efficient cargo transport.

The pride of the Swedish American Line fleet is 525 feet long, with a maximum beam of 69 feet, and draws 24 feet, nine inches fully loaded. She can carry up to 3,000 tons of cargo and 400 passengers (180 crew), and on a gross tonnage of 11,892 she displaces 13,299 tons. Her Diesel propelling machinery, the most powerful thus far installed in a Swedish merchant vessel, develops 14,600 horsepower, making possible a service speed of about 19 knots—eight days or less for the New York-Gothenburg run.

William W. Thomas' photo was made when the Stockholm arrived in port March 31st, 1950.



TOW LINE



Published by
MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

17 Battery Place, New York City

R. M. MUNROE, *Editor*

LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, *Associate*

Vol. III

No. 4

Something for the Record—

It would be marvelous—not to say economical in lives and other human resources—if it were possible to predict the outcome of the United Nations struggle in Korea. With world peace hanging in the balance we have no star-gazing Nostradamus either to comfort or to warn us; and, it may be fair to say, probably not even that power-crazed clique in the Kremlin knows as many answers as its dupes have been led to believe.

However, one thing is depressingly certain: win, lose or draw, the United States of America will be obliged to shoulder the biggest part of the load,

in money, materiel and manpower. With the rest of the free world in its present dilapidated condition, Uncle Sam's role and stake in this or any foreseeable fight between the forces of democracy and communism is predetermined and unquestionably of heroic proportions.

As the Korean conflict approaches a flaming climax the importance of shipping becomes increasingly apparent.

Moran is not without wartime experience, at home and abroad. Many units and men of our company-owned fleet distinguished themselves in World Wars I and II. Nobody fa-

miliar with the facts is likely to forget the heroic exploits of those Maritime Commission work horses, the V-4 tugs, numbering 50 at the peak, which Moran operated for the government. We are proud of the records of our indispensable vessels and their operating personnel.

And this is to say, for the record—as if it needed saying!—that all our resources in manpower, in equipment, in know-how, never as adequate as at present, are at the disposal of our country and of the free world it represents and defends.

The Ship

You need no watch to tell her sailing time
When tugs tread water, pant around her bow
And every aperture along the pier
Fills up with faces. (Down on the waterfront
Where the crowd grows, gardenias are half price.)

Hawser by hawser they start to let her go
And each taut rope which bound her to the shore
Stackens, droops in a deep curve, and falls.
High on her deck the winches groan and turn—
Foot by foot winding all her lines aboard
Till there is no connection, only last words
Called through cupped hands, caught piece-meal,
then ground out
In the propellers' first Niagara churn,
The whistle's deep and breast-bone-shivering blast.

Then as with gathering sternway she draws out,
Cleanly as any cut of surgeon's steel
The separation's made—husband from wife,
Parent from child, friend from aching friend,
Each dwindling figure parted from its love.
Though each one strains to keep his own in sight,
He knew from the first blast it was no use:
The ship, directed to the harbor's mouth,
Gives her allegiance to another world;
The empty slip, where gulls swoop after scraps,
Gapes open to the air like a new wound.

EVELYN AMES.

(From the *New York Herald Tribune*, with whose permission, and the author's, this excellent verse is reprinted here. Accompanying photo by William L. Hobson.)



HOBOKEN HOLOCAUST

(A brief eye-witness account of that terrible waterfront fire of 50 years ago, by the Chairman of the Board, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., together with five pertinent news photos salvaged from Leslie's Weekly, issue of July, 1900, showing Moran equipment at work, and fire damaged vessels and piers.)

BY EUGENE F. MORAN, SR.

On the afternoon of June 30, 1900, I was looking out a window of our office, then at 10 South Street, observing two of our tugs, the M. Moran and the Peter Cahill, proceeding up the East River with a British bark in tow, to be docked on the north side of Pier 9. Previously a stevedore had called, inquiring as to what time the bark would arrive. I informed him that it would be about four o'clock, that the vessel had passed Pier 4.

I had just returned to my desk when the captain of one of our tugs, which had landed a street cleaning scow at 30th Street, North River, called on the phone, in an excited voice, and exclaimed that all of Hoboken seemed to be afire, that several ships were in their berths. He suggested that he proceed there at once, to which I agreed. A few minutes later I received another telephone call, which stated that all the ships were afire.

I hastened to Pier 9, East River, where the two tugs were docking the bark. They had already berthed the bark, and were backing out of the slip. I hailed them from the end of Pier 9 and ordered them to proceed to Hoboken, as there was a conflagration raging. The two tugs proceeded to the fire. A short time later, another "M" tug, the A. W. BOOTH, came to Pier 4, East River. My brother, the late

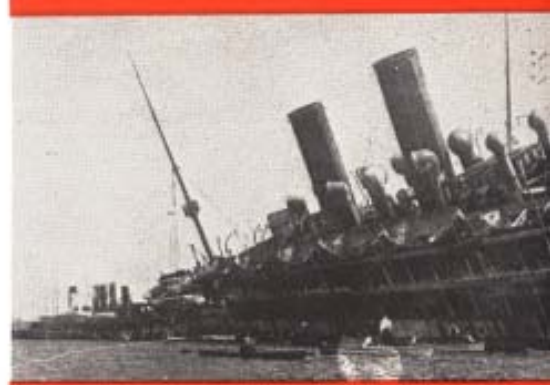
William J. Moran, boarded the BOOTH, and hastened to assist other tugs in pulling the ships out into the river.

While going alongside the MAIN, they noticed a hand waving through one of the ports. They proceeded to her, moved the tug to where the hand was protruding, and perceived a man in the cabin, with smoke pouring in around him. They made an effort to break a hole through the side of the ship by ramming, but only succeeded in shifting the boiler of the tug, due to the great impact. While my brother William was talking to the man inside, flames started to enter the cabin. The man reached over to a shelf, picked up a revolver and, putting it to his head, killed himself.

There were four ships berthed at the North German Lloyd piers: the MAIN, the SAALE, the BREMEN, and the KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE. The SAALE and the MAIN were afire from stem to stern. The BREMEN was not burning badly at first, but when she was being pulled out and passing the blazing piers, the fire became considerably augmented.

The KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE, which was on the north side of one of the piers, was not damaged to great extent; the three ships, the MAIN, SAALE and the BREMEN

(Continued on Page 5)



Hoboken Holocaust . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

were considerably damaged. The total estimated damage to piers and ships was approximately \$10,000,000, with a loss of 250 lives. Eighty bodies were buried in a common grave, they were too burned to be recognizable.

The fire started at 4:00 p.m., spreading from flames which originated in cotton bales on Pier 3. The blaze spread rapidly to some thousand barrels of whiskey on the dock. The whiskey barrels exploded and added considerably to the flames.

There have been many other large fires in the Port of New York, but the one at Hoboken was without a doubt, the greatest loss of any of them. The City of New York, with its modern fleet of fire boats, has overcome to a large extent the danger of such waterfront conflagrations.

Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damage claims charged against them for the months of May and June:

Agnex A., M. Connor, E. Costello; Anne, P. Walling; Barbara, H. Wee; Carol, G. Young, N. Larsen; Catherine, H. Hanson, H. Vernilyea; Chesapeake, J. Jaques; Christine, F. Knudsen, J. Cashin, N. Anderson; Doris, F. Snyder, P. Gaughran, Jr.; Edmond J., W. Baldwin, W. Mason; E. F., Jr., H. Olsen, L. Tucker; Eugenia M., C. Hightower, G. Ackerman, E. Dexter; Geo. N. Barrett, J. Todesky, H. Pederson; Grace, J. Gully; Harriet, G. Bragg, N. Suprenant; Howard C. Moore, H. Jacobsen; Helen, H. Becker; Kevin, W. MacDonald; M., R. Jones, R. Larkey, J. Barlow; Margot, E. Allen, V. Chapman, E. Erickson; Marie S., A. Tucker, J. Duffy; Marion, I. George, G. Ashberry, C. Davis; Mary, M. Rodden, J. Rodden; Michael, G. Sahlberg; Moira, J. Sahlberg, C. Sheridan; Nancy, M. Grimes; Pauline L., T. Trent, M. Sullivan, P. Brittain; Peter, J. Fagerstrom; Richard J. Barrett, J. Milcotich, W. Leander; Sheila, C. Parslow, T. Sweet, J. Chartrand; Thomas, L. Thorsen, W. Hayes; William C. Moore, B. Baker, A. Anderson; William J., A. Munson, J. Hanse, J. Murphy; Spartan, O. Ericksen, P. Johnson; Huntington, J. Johnson; Margaret Olsen, G. Carlson, C. Carlsen; Roustabout, K. Buck, D. Bodino, H. Stebbins, G. Larsen, M. Flynn.

Cunard Commodore's Card

Eugene F. Moran
17 Battery Place
New York 4, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

A line to thank you and your Vice President, Mr. Joseph H. Moran, II, for your letter of congratulation and good wishes for my future on the occasion of my retirement as Commodore of the Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd.

May I take this opportunity of thanking all those in your great organization, and particularly Captains George Mason and Chester Evans, for their outstanding efficiency and assistance at all times?

With very kind regards, and again many thanks,

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES M. FORD
(Bournemouth, Eng.)

General Motors "M" Booklet

I wish to compliment you on the booklet which you thoughtfully sent me this morning covering your operations, by General Motors. To say the least, it is most attractive and reflects the wonderful work your company has been doing for these many years.

"CHARLIE" PEARSALL
(Cuba Mail Line)

Let me thank you and congratulate you and your associates on the beautiful and enlightening booklet received this morning. It shows to a striking degree how Moran has risen to the dominant position in its field in the United States, and I think the whole world for that matter. The booklet will also be a constant reminder of your support and cooperation. . . . Good luck to you, and may your success and predominance never diminish.

"BILL" YOUNG (Adams & Porter)

Visiting Firemen

Dear Mr. Moran:

I can't tell you how much our group of (foreign) trainees in city planning appreciated all you did for them on Friday, June 23rd. The trip in one of your tug boats around Manhattan and the excellent refreshments which were served were appreciated by the group.

JOHN A. PARKER
(Univ. of North Carolina)

REAR ADMIRAL E. H. SMITH HONORED WITH LUNCHEON

Rear Admiral Ed. H. (Iceberg) Smith, who retired July 1st as Commander, Third Coast Guard District and Eastern Area—also from active duty in that government service—was honored by E. F. Moran, Sr., Chairman of the Board, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., at a luncheon attended by more than two dozen leading figures in the maritime industry, at the Whitehall Club on June 22nd.

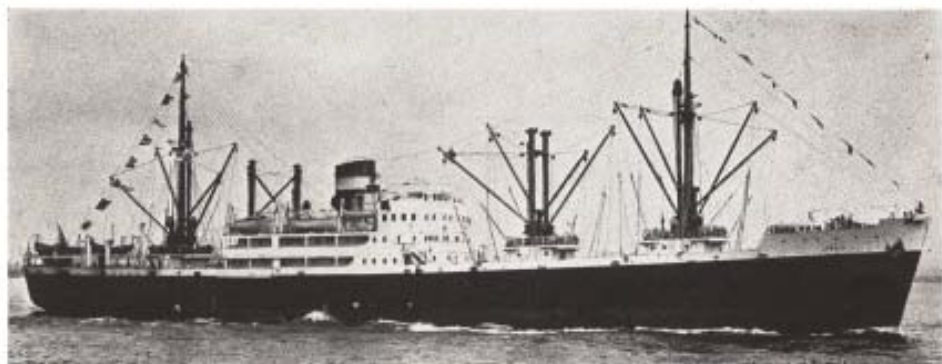
Sharing the honors on this occasion was Rear Admiral Louis B. Olson, another Coast Guard veteran senior officer, who was transferred from his command of the First (Boston) Coast Guard District to become Admiral Smith's successor in New York.

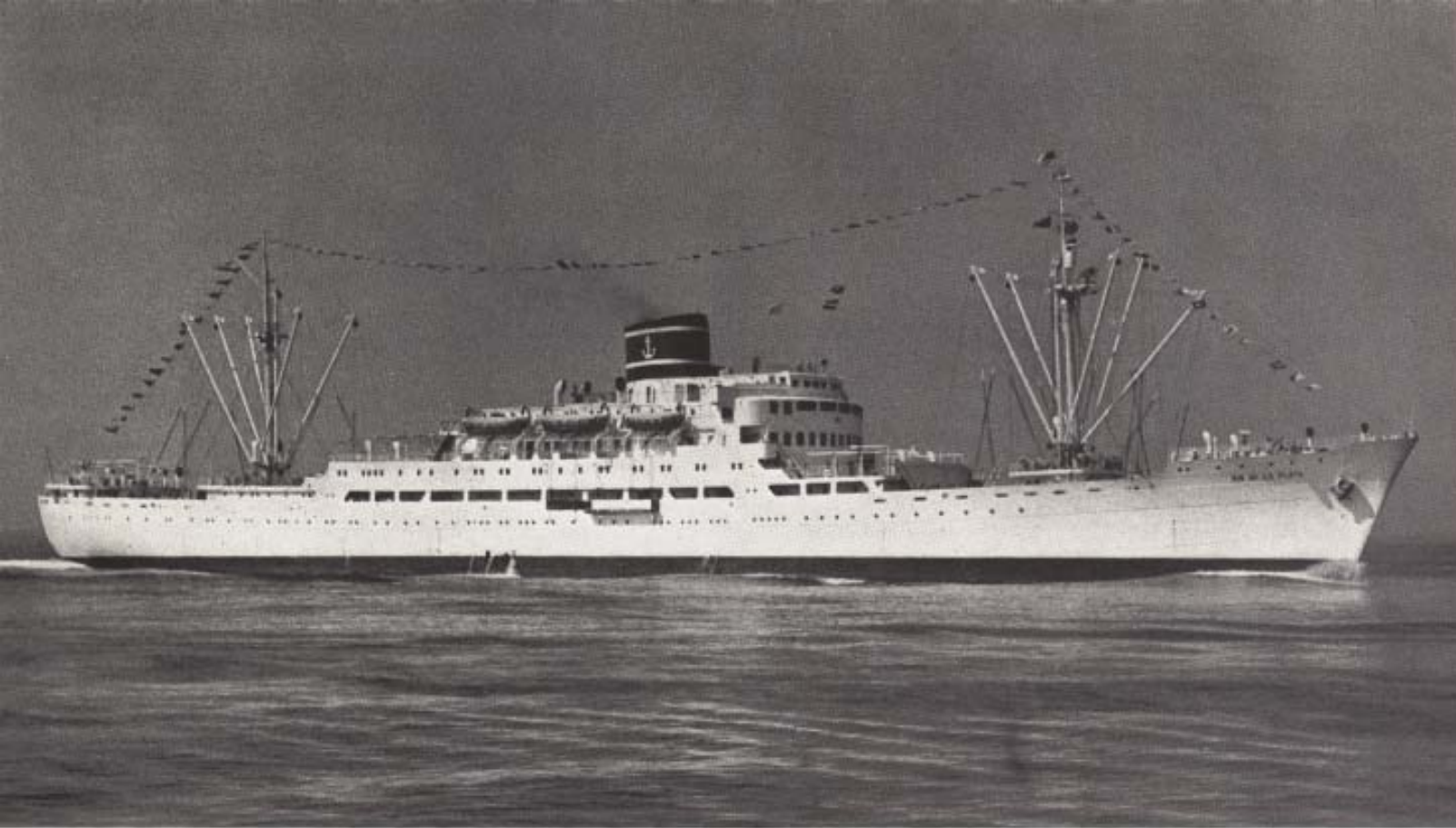
One hilarious feature of the luncheon, at which various guests, including the two admirals, spoke briefly, was a typical exchange of witticisms between those cronies and life-long adversaries (in public), Mr. Moran and Emmet J. McCormack of Moore-McCormack Lines.

The guest list included the following: Capt. Jefferson D. Beard, Capt. Hewlett R. Bishop, T. E. Buchanan, F. M. Bynum, Capt. J. F. Devlin, Hon. Harry M. Durning, M. G. Gamble, R. K. Kelly, Edward Maddock, Mr. McCormack, Capt. William M. McGuire, Rear Adm. Gordon McLintock, Admiral Olsen, Vice Adm. Merlin O'Neill, Louis B. Pate, James P. Patterson, Charles H. C. Pearsall, Rear Adm. H. C. Shephard, L. S. Sparrell, H. W. Warley, Arthur Hildebrandt, Commo. John S. Baylis, Albert V. Moore, John Gammie, William F. Giesen, Frederick R. Pratt, Frank J. Taylor, E. F. Moran, Jr., Joseph H. Moran, II., and R. M. Munroe.

Morantonic: Destroyer Carpenter (DD-825), New Orleans, La., to Newport News, Va.—1,499 miles.

Docked by Moran, of course: the new Fabre Line freighter SS. *Foria*, which arrived in New York June 10th on her maiden voyage to this port. The 7,245-deadweight-ton French-flag vessel (James W. Elwell & Co., agents) was built at La Seyne, France, in 1949, and has been trading between France and North Africa. She is 390 feet long, can attain a speed of 16.5 knots, and has accommodations for 12 passengers. The ship docked at Pier 28, East River, and sailed June 14th for Portugal, Morocco, Algeria and Marseille.





NEW ARGENTINE SHIP ARRIVES

The arrival of any passenger liner in New York harbor can be exciting, a maiden arrival doubly so—especially when the vessel is new and represents a first step into the tourist trade between North America and South America by our good neighbor, Argentina.

The pale blue and white flag of that country waved proudly over the bay and North River on June 8th, displayed from the masthead of the gleaming white, yachtlike, ultra-modern M/V Rio de la Plata, the Argentine State Line's brand new ship, inbound on her first voyage from Buenos Aires.

Her voyage had another significance: it gave her the distinction of being the only Latin-American flag passenger vessel in service to United States Atlantic ports.

Dressed from stem to stern with flags and pennants, the Rio de la Plata made Ambrose lightship at 9:30 a.m. and moved swiftly up to Quarantine. As soon as clearance had been ob-

tained, she was boarded from one of this company's Grace Moran-class harbor tugs by an enthusiastic group of "working press", including still and newsreel photographers, radio and television people, and by A.S.L. officials. The welcomers were greeted by Capt. Juan Carlos Alegre, the vessel's genial skipper, a veteran of more than 30 years at sea, who said that although he had visited New York many times as master of various freighters it was no exaggeration to say he was "thrilled" by the reception accorded his new command.

At 10:30 a.m., dipping her rakish bow into the waters of the upper bay, the Rio de la Plata started the long run to her North River pier at Franklin Street, escorted by "M" tugs, more than one of which carried news photographers who preferred to work from these vantage points. Given the traditional harbor welcome by New York fireboats and saluted by whistle blasts from all types of vessels, including other tugs of the Moran fleet, she

answered the welcoming din.

Our equipment warped the 10,500-gross-ton liner into her berth at noon.

On hand to greet Captain Alegre and his 23 passengers and 138-man crew were Argentine Consul General Guillermo Mackintosh Derqui and other consular officials. Senor Derqui said he believed the new service would "enhance relations between Argentina and the United States and increase travel between these countries."

Captain Alegre declared, through an interpreter, that the Rio de la Plata was "the finest ship, in stability, speed and handling," that he had ever commanded. "Everything on this ship is of the latest design, and I am especially proud of our American radar equipment," he added. His average speed during the 17-day voyage, he said, was 19 knots—although the vessel is capable of four more than that.

The Rio de la Plata was designed by Gustavo Pulitzer, and built in the Ansaldo shipyards in Genoa, Italy. She will be followed in service by her

sisters, M/V Rio Jachal and M/V Rio Tunuyan, at present under construction at the same yard.

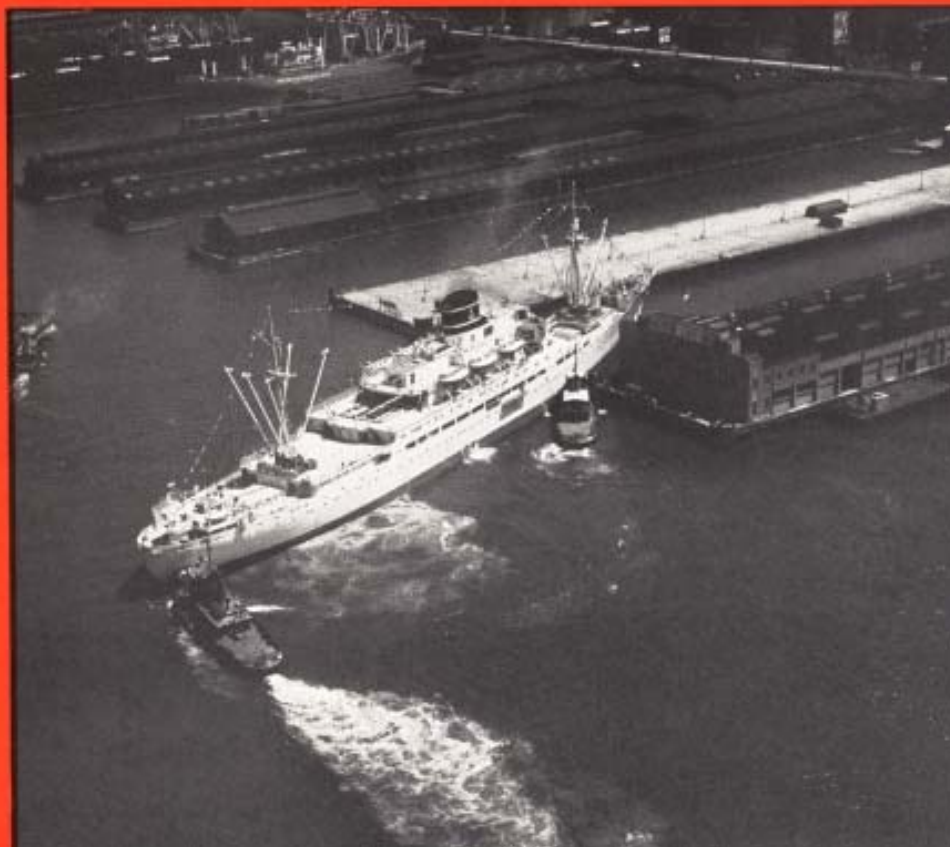
Carrying 116 passengers, the ship is 527 feet long and 65 feet wide. A twin screw Diesel power plant develops 18,400 horsepower, and permits a cruising speed of 20 knots. Her state-rooms are all outside rooms, done in a restrained modern style most occupants and visitors have found pleasing and comfortable. All have individually controlled air-conditioning, and private or adjacent baths. The public rooms include a grand salon, smoking room, bar, theater, library, tiled swim-



ming pool and Lido deck, and are easily accessible to all staterooms via fore and aft staircases and a midships elevator. The "Rio" displaces 18,000 tons loaded, and has a bale cargo capacity of 230,000 cubic feet, and 81,500 cubic feet of refrigerated space.

High point of the visit for Captain Alegre was his call on Mayor William O'Dwyer at City Hall. The captain presented His Honor with a vicuna robe—a typical and luxurious product of Argentina. Mayor and Mrs. O'Dwyer visited the ship the following day, and entertained the captain and several officials of the company at Gracie Mansion the night before the ship sailed.

Formed in 1941, the Argentine State Line has nearly 30 ships in operation on various world routes, as well as in coastal services in South America. The company is represented in North Atlantic ports by Boyd, Weir and Sewell, Inc., 24 State Street, Manhattan.



Navigator of "Vertue XXXV" Pens Paean

By KEVIN MORAN O'RIORDAN
"Foxpond," Lymington, Eng.

In the late afternoon of June 1, 1950, one of the staff in the dispatching room of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., noticed a small boat coming up river from the sea. She was beating up to windward under sail only and, as she approached the Battery, the tug KEVIN MORAN passed close beside her. Although it was unusual for such a small boat to venture in the busy waterway of the mighty port of New York, nothing more was thought of the matter.

This was, however, a great "naval occasion," for the midget vessel was none other than the VERTUE XXXV, which had just crossed the Atlantic Ocean. The VERTUE XXXV is only 21' at the waterline (25' overall), with a sail area of 385 sq. ft., and had made the passage with the object of proving that this type of vessel could beat her way to windward across the ocean under the worst type of conditions.

She had, in fact, sampled most of these conditions, from flat calms and head winds to gales of varying intensity. During the latter, she had lain for long periods, stripped of all her canvas. The last of these gales, which occurred some 500 miles east of America, was more violent than all the others, but the good ship came through this one also with only



"Atlantic" O'Riordan was overwhelmed by U.S. hospitality

By "JACK YARD"

WHEN genial, 64-years-old Kevin O'Riordan, navigator of the Lymington sloop Vertue 35 which crossed the Atlantic in 47 days, arrived back at Southampton in the Queen Mary last night, he could talk of only one thing—American hospitality.

"It was overwhelming," he told me. "They took possession of us from the moment we arrived in New York Harbour. I thought they were going to kill us with kindness."

Mr. O'Riordan made the 2,600-mile voyage from Lymington as the crew of Mr. Humphrey Barton, rear-commander of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club.

They chose the most difficult crossing of the North Atlantic—west to east—at the worst time of the year to prove the capabilities of the 5-ton British racing yacht.

The Vertue weathered six storms before she reached New York and her superstructure was damaged.

ON WRONG FOOT
When they sailed into New York Harbour no one noticed them at first. They were four days ahead of schedule and the "reception committee" was caught on the wrong foot.

Newspapermen had planned to board Vertue by helicopter and newsreels were to photograph their arrival—instead there was a mad rush when the news spread around that Vertue was already there.

Mr. Barton joined the British ocean racer Galvain for the Bermuda and Atlantic races but Mr. O'Riordan spent five weeks visiting American yachting centres before he returned—this time in luxury.

"The hospitality was almost embarrassing," he said. "I couldn't even pay for a hair cut."

GREATEST ADVENTURE
"The Americans told me they thought Vertue's Atlantic voyage was the world's greatest adventure."

"At times during the voyage I thought I was no end of a fool to make the trip, but once we reached America I was glad we had."

Mr. O'Riordan said he had been invited to make a lecture tour of America in the autumn and was seriously considering it.



—From the
Daily Echo, Southampton, Eng.—
July 4, 1950.

minor inconvenience. To add to her trials, however, a thick fog settled down some 60 miles out, just at a time when good visibility was most desired. She was 47 days out from Falmouth, England, and had managed, more by good luck than good navigation, to make a landfall at Sandy Hook only a few hours before.

Now she was trying to wend her way, under sail alone, up the East River to her appointed destination at City Island. She was flying all the regulation flags and a few more, but no one paid any attention. She just carried on. At length, the light, the wind and the tide failed and, in the absence of engine power, she had to tie up in the dark alongside a float on the north side of the river, happy to be done, at long last, with the wide ocean.

The occasion was, however, something more than a happy landing for one of the two weary mariners who had made this venture-some voyage. His name was Kevin Moran O'Riordan. The meeting off the Battery, with a tug bearing his own name, at the gateway to America, proved a most auspicious omen, as well as a remarkable coincidence. It was only by the merest chance that he had made this ocean passage as he had been invited only at the last moment. Other Moran ships might equally well have been operating in these waters, just then, but it seemed as if only the hand of Providence could have arranged that the KEVIN MORAN should be there at this exact moment to welcome her namesake at the end of a momentous voyage.

It was, in fact, a true augury of the future, for America welcomed the adventurers in her own traditionally spontaneous and generous fashion. Hospitality was showered on the voyagers, even before they set foot on land, for a holiday fishing party near Sandy Hook threw over to them bottles of beer as soon as they had recovered from their surprise when told that this miniature ship had just come from England. At every point along the river front where VERTUE XXXV tied

up, waiting for a favorable tide or wind on her way up next day to City Island, all the world came down to see her and join in congratulations and good wishes.

On her arrival at Minneford's Yard, that grand skipper, Capt. Irving Johnson of the ocean cruiser YANKEE, was waiting. He found a berth for VERTUE XXXV and, after snugging her down, took the two ancient mariners to his own good ship, where they were fed and comforted. None but the lone ocean sailor can appreciate the meaning of such a welcome, prompted as it was by those bonds of friendship which unite yachtsmen all the world over. It was useless for the O'Riordan to protest against such open-hearted kindness, or that his ocean voyage was nothing more than a veteran's frolic. The good hosts told of the generous hospitality they had experienced in England and her colonies during the late war years. All were unanimous in treating the voyager as one of themselves and urged him to stay long enough to see something of their great country.

The real purpose of this strange story is to give your grateful guest the opportunity, so kindly offered by the TOW LINE, of thanking you all for your spontaneous welcome and your continued overwhelming practical kindness. If you must insist that this ocean crossing was something unusual, he would suggest that you go out and try it for yourselves. You will find how simple it is, provided that you have a craft as good as the VERTUE XXXV, the finest small ship that ever sailed out of England.

Finally, your humble scribe acknowledges, with admiration, nay even with personal pride, the prowess of his namesake of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc.

Accompanying photos: Above, General O'Riordan's 25-footer at sea, a bone in her teeth; and, left, the amateur navigator himself aboard his "namesake," the seagoing tug Kevin Moran, in New York harbor.

"The Moving Finger Writes—"

"Equal To the Task"

Gentlemen:

Many years ago I held a position as assistant dispatcher. In the course of our daily contacts with clients we were often impressed with the extreme urgency of some job or other. We had a line we used half seriously with such clients, and we feel it should be your slogan: "Our Facilities Are Equal to the Task."

We wish to thank you for your splendid job in refloating the Motorship Michigan.

The cooperation of your tug captains is extremely gratifying. However, we would be remiss if we did not say a word about your Captain Miller. His background of ability and experience is well known in marine circles, but his courtesy, willingness to cooperate, and complete understanding and sharing of our problem are seldom found in men of such ability.

To Moran this may have been just another job, but you made it seem as much your problem as ours. For this we are extremely grateful.

M. J. CARDILLO, Pres.
(Michigan Atlantic Corp.)

A Day Aboard the "Carol"

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Through your kind offer on behalf of Moran, and with the assistance of Miss Christian and Capt Joe Miller, my wife and I spent a most enjoyable day on the Carol Moran.

If the captain and crew of the Carol are typical of the personnel on your company's tugs, I can well appreciate why the Admiral has the distinction of operating the finest fleet in the harbor. It is quite evident that (he) is not only a capable handler of ships, but also a personnel and industrial relations expert.

For many years I have looked forward to sailing on one of your tugs, and I can assure you it was a thrill for both of us.

Capt. George Young, together with Larson, Braziel, Bogart, Barros—a damn' good chef!—and Bodlovich, certainly handled their respective assignments in an excellent manner, besides being very good "company."

I thank you and the firm again for being such splendid hosts.

JACK KAHT
(Ridgefield Park, N. J.)

Service Well Rendered

Gentlemen:

... The purpose of this letter (is) to call to your attention the service rendered by your firm to the SS. Fort Moultrie on June 3rd, which the writer, being on the spot, deemed to be extraordinarily good service.

The vessel cleared Quarantine at Stapleton on 1445 June 3rd, and it was originally thought she would have to wait until about 2300 before proceeding to dock. However, Captains Mason and Miller of your organization got their heads together and decided, since tides were favorable, that it would be safe to commence moving her at 1830.

The writer, being on the vessel at the time, made the trip to Newark and observed Captain Mason's handling of the ship, which was done in the usual expert and competent fashion. This interest beyond the immediate call of duty, coupled with Captain Mason's skillful handling, effected a saving of approximately five hours, and we take pleasure in extending to your firm our compliments and appreciation for service well rendered.

A. K. JORGENSEN
(Mathiasen's Tanker Industries,
Philadelphia, Pa.)

"Oklahoma!"

Dear Comdr. Munroe:

I am enclosing a couple of tear sheets of the (illustrated feature story) I did for today's Tribune concerning Moran operations. I am also sending clips to Captains Mason and Eriksen.

Mr. Grosvenor and I had a delightful time. Will you please extend our thanks to Admiral Moran and warn him that sometime in the next year or so I shall request permission to spend several hours on an "M" tug, with the three junior Joneses?

With best personal regards,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES
(Editor, The Tulsa Tribune)

Watch Officer, 2 A.M.

(From the New York Herald Tribune)

Home I love is far, but these are mine:
Spice of lands unseen, all stars that shine,
Carolling dark breeze, the turbines' whine.

Trust of men who sleep while I'm awake,
Gusty stings that on my brown face cake,
Faith in self with every breath I take.

JOHN ACKERSON
(SS. African Lightning)

50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were popularly extracted from files of the New York Maritime Register by Capt. Earl C. Palmer of Moran HQ, curator of the Tow Line's historical section.)

JULY 3, 1900—The summer heat has caused expansion of the spans of Brooklyn Bridge until it has dropped two and one-half feet. The standard height, 135 feet, was taken in mid-winter. Vessels passing under it during the summer months should not carry their masts higher than 131 or 132 feet to insure against striking it.

JULY 18, 1900—Ice Report—St. Johns NF—Coast mail steamer has returned from Labrador and reports Straits of Belle Isle still filled with ice.

Casualties—Emeline (steamboat) of the Newburgh and Haverstraw Line, while making a landing at Newburgh, N. Y., on July 11, ran ahead on against the dock, her bow mounting the timber. Nobody hurt. On the 13th the steamboat slid off the pier and out in the channel and sank in about 40 feet of water.

Vessels Sold—Tugboat L. Luckenbach has been sold at N. Y. by the L. Luckenbach Trans. Co. to Pacific Coast parties... Steam yacht Atalanta owned by the Gould family, has been sold to one of the South American Republics, and will be fitted as a cruiser.

AUG. 1, 1900—General Items—Capt. Barkhouse and crew of the brig Iona, while passing in by the proving grounds on Sandy Hook, N. J., on July 21, were very much startled by a stray shell which dropped and exploded within 200 feet of the brig. The concussion was so great as to cause the brig to tremble perceptibly. The Iona was the second vessel within the week which came near being struck by the erratic shells. More care should be taken by the officers in charge to land their shells in or near the target.

AUG. 1, 1900—Vessels Sold—Messrs. Burdell & Dennis of New York sold at auction on July 26 the tug Dolphin, 47 gross tons, for \$7,100, to the Red Star Towboat Co.; the steam lighter Josephine B., 68 tons, for \$2,900, to W. E. Shepherd; the steam lighter Mary J., 56 tons, for \$2,325, to Henry Gillen; the steam hoisting barge Trenton, 175 tons, for \$3,585, to McAllister Bros.; the steam hoisting barge Juno, 178 tons, for \$3,000, to H. Gillen; the barge Agnes, built in 1896, for \$850, to J. F. Foley; and the barge Relief, for \$510, to McAllister Bros.

AUG. 15, 1900—Trial trip of the Morro Castle—The New York and Cuba Mail Line steamer Morro Castle returned to Cramps Shipyard, Philadelphia, on August 12 after a trial trip off the Delaware Capes, in which she succeeded in making her speed requirements. For the first 12 hours she made 18.16 knots, and for the entire time of the trial exactly the required 18 knots. The Morro Castle is 425 feet long, of 50 feet beam, and her displacement at load draft is 9,000 tons. She has accommodations for 150 first-class passengers.

Casualties—Saythian (steam yacht) which was taken to Boston damaged by fire, was sold at U. S. Marshal's sale on August 11 to the United Fruit Co. for \$8,750.

Ashore and Afloat



Unquestionably, somebody else should be fabricating this profile of Moran's J. B. (Joe) Moore, special assistant to John S. Bull, secretary and vice president in charge of sales. Your editor admittedly is prejudiced. (Pro or con, deponent saith not.)

Anyway, there is a growing legend here at HQ regarding a certain quick maneuver, a sort of mental sleight-of-hand, which has come to be known as *the Moore Shift*. It is roughly comparable to that once celebrated football field "pivot" invented and/or practiced with spectacular success by the great "Bo" McMillan, and frequently leaves its victims quite as confused. This gives you an idea.

Well, it seems our young Mr. Moore was born in Newark, N. J., on March 18th of an unidentified year. What year is none of your editor's business, he intimated—a non-vital statistic it is a pleasure to pass along to *Tow Line* readers.



Barringer High School, Newark, finally got rid of him—by what method you are at liberty to imagine, and he took up business and accounting in courses at New York University. His first job was with the Murphy Varnish Co. in his home town, as office boy; but after awhile, possibly before anyone could stop him, he was selling for

the firm in North Carolina and Virginia. Thus passed, say, 10 years.

The emergency bank holiday of 1933 sent Joe home to roost, as it did an awful lot of others. Next he bobbed up as credit manager for Kraeuter & Co., Newark, tool manufacturers, which turned out to be a six-year stretch.

Then there was a brief interval in the Army, shortened by a hang-over from an earlier accident, when a farm wagon ran over one of his feet, believe it or not. A spirited argument between military doctors . . . but let that pass.

Joe joined the Moran organization in September, 1943, succeeding Charles Lewis who was retiring from the billing department. A couple of years ago, in recognition of what your editor would be the first to describe as outstanding ability, he was transferred to the dispatching department with the idea of coordinating operations with accounting and sales—obviously an assignment calling for more than the usual amount of finesse.

It was said at the start, wasn't it, that our Mr. Joseph Bernard Moore is notoriously fast on his feet, and that presently he's one of John Bull's aides-de-camp?

The family, which consists of Mrs. Moore, Kevin (4), and Susan (2), resides at 188 Village Road, South Orange, N. J. . . . P.S., *The Tow Line* is able to report, now, that a second son, seven pounds, 13 ounces, arrived Monday, August 7th.

There was quite a to-do along the bulkhead between Piers One and Two, North River, about 4:30 p.m. on June 22nd, when Gene H. Kelly, 40 Ely Street, Coxsackie, N. Y., an oiler aboard the Peter Moran, added lustre to the already shining tradition of prompt and heroic action by "M" personnel afloat. This 20-year-old went overboard *my pronto* when an unidentified drunk jumped or fell from the bulkhead, thus effecting (with

some later assistance from shipmates) what turned out to be a bona-fide rescue, although at one stage of the resuscitation proceedings hope of reviving the fellow was virtually abandoned . . . All hands are pretty proud of Gene, naturally.

A notable date in the continuous operations of the tug Edmond J. Moran (Capt. W. Baldwin) was Wednesday, August 2nd, when she made her one-thousandth—repeat, *1,000th*—round trip to dumping grounds at sea, which start at a point 14 miles ESE of Scotland Lightship, with the National Lead Co.'s refuse barge Sayreville. One such trip from Sayreville, N. J., on the Raritan River, to these offshore grounds, especially in dirty weather, should not be considered child's play, let alone a thousand. Heartiest congratulations to Captain Baldwin, Mate F. Schweigel, and the rest of the Edmond J.'s competent crew!

If any is needed, there is concrete evidence of National Lead's satisfaction with our Edmond J. personnel and day-to-day operations in the following letter to Capt. Frank J. Hughes from L. L. Lewis, the company's plant manager:

We wish to express our appreciation for the excellent service Moran Towing rendered to the members of our Sayreville Plant who took the barge trip on 7/29/50. The meals were very well prepared and the cooperation of the "Sayreville" crew could not have been surpassed.

All members of the party remarked about the very good condition of both the barge "Sayreville" and the tug "Edmond J. Moran."

DIED, July 10th—Theodore H. Tonnessen, employed by Moran for about 18 years, as a runner. Funeral services were held at 8 p.m. Wednesday, July 19th, in Evangelical Lutheran Free Church, 749 Fifty-ninth Street, Brooklyn. The interment was at 10 a.m. the following day in Evergreen Cemetery, East New York.

Tow Line reporters afloat are becoming more prompt and otherwise professional in their journalistic duties. Thus it was that on June 18th your editor knew almost as soon as anybody that John R. Bogart, relief crew oiler on duty aboard the Carol Moran at the time, and Mrs. Bogart had a brand new son, John, Jr., born at Jamaica Hospital. It seems scarcely worth mentioning Mrs. B. in connec-

tion with this momentous affair, since it occurred on Father's Day. The family resides at 147-15 119th Avenue, Baisley Park, L. I.

Irene Erickson, Capt. Ole Erickson's 9-year-old daughter, took first place in the Regional Eastern Seaboard Roller Skating Finals held June 6th—her second notable victory in her class, since she won the New York State championship a month earlier. She was invited to compete in the Nationals at Denver, Colo., but her parents think she's a little too young to go traipsing around the country like that. Experienced observers say the gal shows promise of developing into a real champ, however.

DIED, July 4th, as the result of a heart attack—Albert C. Schloemer, 59, 111 Saw Mill Road, Bellmore, Long Island, N. Y. Mr. Schloemer had been a Moran employee since August 23rd, 1917, and worked through Monday, July 3rd. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Fannie Schloemer, a daughter, Mrs. Warren Stuhl, and a brother, George Schloemer, a N. Y. policeman.

Second Section Sails

On an ideal day in June seven of Moran's office girls and one with Seaboard Shipping got an opportunity to see "how the other half lives." (See August 1949 issue of Tow Line for photo-story re first such distaff holiday.) On the Grace Moran, the girls were given a close-up of the damaged SS. Excalibur beached on the Bayridge flats off Brooklyn, then trundled up-river as far as Yonkers—meanwhile enjoying a buffet luncheon aboard. Left to right: Lillian Harrison, Lillian Clark, Frances Smith, Mary Ann Flood, Marion Pyle, Helen Cull, Rosemary Ryan, and Margaret Craig. P.S.—It was reported the Manhattan skyline received their official approval.



This is Ann Marie Dowd, 17, daughter of Capt. Joseph Dowd (Dispatching), who graduated as valedictorian of her Class of 1950 at St. Brendan's High School, Brooklyn,

this June—and not without physical handicaps which might have discouraged a less valiant spirit. Previously she had distinguished herself by winning an oratorical contest at Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School. As a result of her outstanding work she was awarded a scholarship in the School of Business Practice and Speech, and has been attending the summer semester. Oh, yes, that handicap—an attack of infantile paralysis during her sophomore year which caused her to lose 11 months' attendance. We admire her fortitude and wish her the best of luck and continued success.

Covering the "Queen"

Dear Comdr. Munroe:

Our photographer, Ben McCall, has told us of the wholehearted cooperation that he received from you in connection with his assignment to cover the arrival of the Queen Elizabeth on Thursday (July 20th). He appreciated your help, and we wish to thank you on our own behalf. The photos he took are very useful to us in connection with the big convention . . . at Yankee Stadium.

M. G. HENSCHEL

(News Section, Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society)

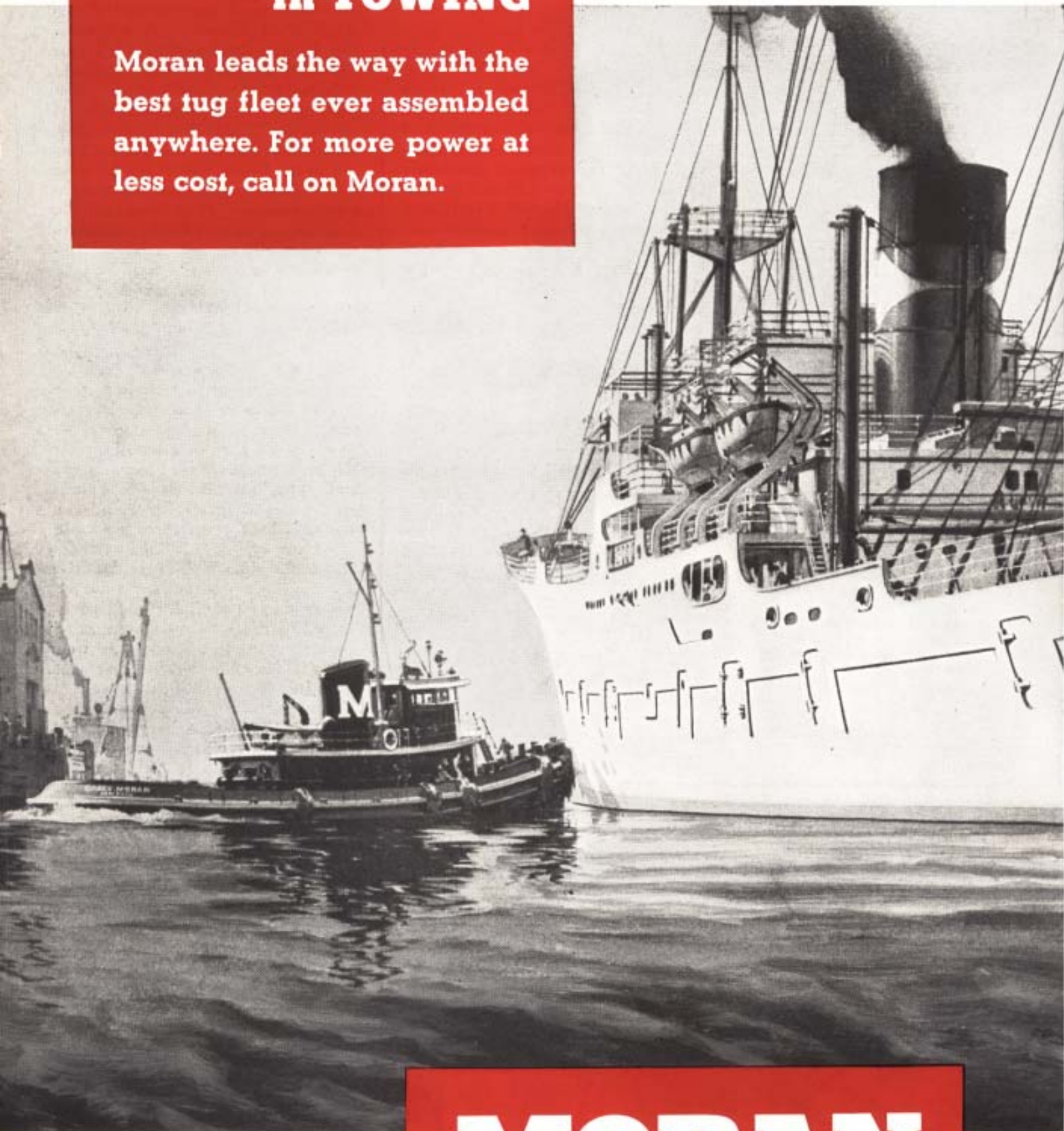


Short Splices

Moran flags flew at half mast July 5th when word was received of the death of Al Schloemer. Al was nearing the completion of his 33rd year with Moran and in his quiet way contributed to the growth of the company . . . Word followed soon after of the death of Teddy Tonnessen, Teddy, as we all knew him, had been a runner in the ballast end of the business for 18 years . . . July also saw the untimely passing of John Rohde of U. S. Salvage . . . Received an announcement recently regarding the publication of "The Arch of Stars" by Cliff Alderman. Cliff is editor of The Port of New York Authority's monthly publication "Via Port of New York" . . . Speaking of publications, in the July issue of "Unifruiteo" (consistently good) we came across a picture of New York Pier Operations Department's veterans. Among the group we recognized Frank Hanigan, Thomas Davis, Capt. B. Ross, Thomas Gray and James MacAvoy. Congratulations to the entire group for being the youngest looking veterans we have seen in many a day . . . Good news department. Eddie Walsh is back at the office . . . More good news was the advancement of Joseph J. Parilla (Isthmian S/S. Co.) to assistant marine superintendent . . . Though it now seems late because the announcement came just after our last issue, we still wish to say a few words of welcome to Harry S. Unangst, boat master of the Penn. R. R. To his predecessor, Capt. Wilson, who retired, we wish many happy days . . . Joseph H. Moran, II, has announced that Moran has become a member of the Security Bureau, Inc. . . . Because the editor is a modest lad, it devolves on this writer to keep his public informed of his condition, namely, definitely on the mend and almost 100% cured. As he puts it, he "got off the surgeon's hook" Friday, July 28th. "O, happy day!" . . . Added congratulations: to the Propeller Club of the United States, on its new and attractive house-organ, The Propeller Club News, circulated to 10,000 members in various ports . . . What's this we hear about a traveling crane bogged down at Moran's shipyard, Staten Island, being pulled out by an "M" tug that happened to be moored there? Must be the height of something or other! . . . Welcome back item: Capt. "Dick" Burke, USCG, as Eastern Area air officer. J. B. M.

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